

The most lamentable Tragedie

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

Bassianus. *Lavinia*, how say you?

(more.)

Lani. I say no: I haue beene broad awake two houres and

Saturnine. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.

Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.

Demetrius. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected will beget,
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snakes lies rolled in the chearefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiner with the cooling wind,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

of *Titus Andronicus*.

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke theyr yellowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposed
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles houndes and hornes, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurces song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.

Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
VWhat signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholie,
My fleece of woollie hayre that now vnurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To doe some fatall execution.

No madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen than rests in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
And wash theyr hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted scrowle.
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull bootie,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweet *Moore*, sweeter to me then life.

D.

Moore.